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THE
INNER CIRCLES,
AND
GLIMPSES OF THE BEYOND.
POEMS.

BY
J. N. E. 



HARTFORD:
CASE, LOCKWOOD & BRAINARD, PRINTERS.
1873.

1874

Feb

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THE CIRCLES.

1. God all encompasseth, and he
Filleth all things : eternity
 The circle of his Time.
Within that circle is all space ;
In which the universe has place ;
 Fair earths, and heavens sublime.
2. The stars, their satellites, and skies,
And suns that seem to set and rise,
 To make their darkness day.
These have their settled times to be ;
Circles within eternity,
 Of growth, prime, and decay.
3. Our earth, its Time and place are here,
Where many circles form a sphere
 Of matter, life, and mind.
These join to make a perfect whole,
Filled to the bounds, from pole to pole.
 By their own powers confined.

4. In its first rank of life stands man,
The consummation of a plan
Stupendous in our view.
In perfect order is the whole,
Though changes come, and ages roll,
And old gives place to new.
5. Our life, a circle far within
The time that will be, and has been
Divided into rounds :
Where others walked in circles on,
Where they will walk, when we are gone,
To the years' burial grounds.
6. The months, days, hours, and moments even,
Circles in circles, kindly given
To us, to mark as ours ;
To give them color from our lives ;
To use aright, as one that strives,
Well to improve his powers.
7. Beasts fill their smaller circles, too,
As birds, fish, reptiles, insects do ;
Each has its little world :
Each moves in its peculiar round.
In water, air, on, under ground,
Circles round circles whirled.

8. Insect, and reptile, bird, and beast,
E'en from the greatest to the least,
 Their proper work fulfil.
Broader the circle of our minds
Than theirs, of all earth's countless kinds;
 Be ours as much to will.
9. When from the windows of our skies,
The gates of heaven seem to rise,
 Touched by an angel's wand;
Sometimes we, ever on the watch,
May from our inner circle catch
 Glimpses of the Beyond.

The series of poems, of which the following are a part,
was begun in 1869, at the age of sixteen.

AUTHOR.

VIEWS AND VOICES OF NATURE.

BEAUTIES OF SNOW.

1. Gloriously doth Phœbus rise,
Lighting up the brumal skies,
On this winter morning.
Earth in ermine robes is clad,
White as ever princes had,
Hill and dale adorning.
2. Beautiful the snowy forms,
After long and dismal storms,
Which in the sunlight gleam.
Earth reflects the dazzling light,
Which reveals a splendid sight,
Wonderful as a dream.

3. All the trees with snow are draped ;
Multiform, fantastic-shaped
 Figures fancy loveth,
Are on every bough and twig,
Some are little, some are big,
 Some the light wind moveth.
4. Many branches bended low,
Moving gently to and fro,
 Rock their burdens lightly.
Every movement is with grace,
Each flake seems to find its place ;
 While the sun shines brightly.
5. Here is raised a castle great ;
It hath towers and a gate,
 And all are fully manned.
Here loyal soldiers guard their queen ;
This is indeed a glorious scene !
 A sight superb and grand !
6. Thus I muse on, while the breeze
Moves among the leafless trees,
 Stronger, swifter growing.
On move I, to wonders new,
Keeping past scenes still in view,
 Till a gale is blowing.

7. Here's an old and lonely road ;
Brush o'erhanging with their load,
Long marble arches seem.
Gnarled and scraggy bushes are,
But when clothed in snow-robcs fair,
Are beauteous, I deem.
8. Now comes a fierce and ruthless blast,
With roar and clamor, strong and fast,
Like a host to battle.
The snow-queen and her guardians slain
Have vanished ; the bare trees remain,
And the dry boughs rattle.
9. Thus my fancies disappeared ;
For the castles I have reared,
Were builded in the air ;
They have fallen to the ground,
And the heights they lately crowned
Seem gloomy now, and bare.
10. So we, as these blend with the snow,
Vanish, when happiness and woe,
With love and life are done.
Our fathers lie with kindred dust ;
Soon we may go (and sometime must,)
The way all men have gone.

11. My images of fancy fell,
 So have many plans laid well,—
 When under fortune's frown ;
 When the prospects seemed most bright,
 And at expectation's height,
 The air-built pile came down.

12. We 'mong Nature's emblems see
 Snow a type of charity ;
 Cov'ring Nature's sadness—
 When by Autumn's cold and frost,
 She her mantle green hath lost,
 And her summer gladness.

13. Charity will do the same
 For the poor, the blind, or lame,
 On life's uneven road ;
 Charity is kind to all ;
 And if any sink or fall,
 Tells it not abroad,

14. But, like snow will failings hide ;
 For her cloak of love is wide,
 And spreadeth near and far,
 And her outstretched arms enfold
 All unfortunate and old,
 If they deserving are.

15. Other emblems find we too,
In the fresh and spotless snow,
 When again we turn,—
If in other light we view,
Find we moral lessons, too,
 Which the wise may learn.
16. What can purer be, than snow ?
Nothing earthly that we know ;
 Or nought but purity ;
If, indeed, that is of earth ;
For in heaven it hath its birth,
 And there will ever be.
17. Snow, thou type of purity,
Love and human charity ;
 All through our lives may we
Act the grand reality
Of the duties typed by thee ;
 And we shall happy be.
18. For our love will love beget,
And oft will charity be met
 By gratitude and love ;
And the pure in heart shall see
With joy, through eternity,
 Their God in homes above.

EXIT OF WINTER.

1. Snow upon snow, storm after storm,
 Had piled full high the drifts on drifts,
 Then came the after days so warm,
 Thin clouds, and sunshine in their rifts,
 And soft south winds, stilled to a breath :
 The dripping eaves, and bare brown spots
 That in the distance were as dots
 On the broad, white, unblotted page,
 That every year in every age,
 Lays open on the earth, beneath
 The winter clouds, in temperate climes,
 Renewing yet, at different times,
 Its pure enamel, (stained by earthly touch,)
 Sometimes with little storm, sometimes with much.

2. The warm skies closed 'round all below,
 The sun shone clearer, day by day ;
 Thus lower sank the banks of snow,
 And melted till they went away.
 Then slowly rose they through the air,
 There formed new clouds and fell again ;
 The March snows in the April rain.
 Thus Winter has dissolved in Spring,
 She with her bright train following

His sterner, not for that less fair.
 Both, in their time, and in their change,
 Affording great and ample range
 To all, and to our utmost powers of mind,
 As each effects what God through it designed.

3. Another picture ; at a blow
 Sudden, the heart of Winter broke :
 Tears down his cloudy face fast flow,
 Which mark the deepness of the stroke.
 These quickly have dissolved his snows.
 On Earth, unfeeling still, he pours
 Rivers of grief, till raves and roars
 The water, o'er the lower land,
 And in the nooks the lakelets stand.
 Now Winter's life is at its close ;
 Softens toward him, at the last,
 The hard-faced Earth ; death's moment nears ;
 A few more struggles ; stillness,—all is past :
 Spring to his memory drops a few big tears.

4. A light snow-fall his winding sheet ;
 The March winds chant his requiem :
 The solemn dirge they oft repeat,—
 “ Forever gone ! though others come,
 They cannot fit or fill his place !
 His work is done, and he laid by ;

We wipe Spring's tears, yet heave a sigh;
 We shall see him no more, no more;
 With the winters that went before—
 He has reached the end of his race.
 He did what he could, and full well,
 Though stern, not a tyrannous king.
 Old age and his woes came upon him, he fell;
 He sank and died in the lap of the spring."



RETURN OF SPRING.

The year grows milder; and the April skies
 Weep, as for joy that thou art come.
 And even the little streamlets overflow
 With sparkling, bubbling joyousness,
 And laugh and murmur as they rush along—
 And joining other streamlets, softly say,
 "The genial Spring has come.
 She hath released us from our icy chains,
 From chilly dungeons underneath the ice,
 Which stern Jack Frost doth guard;
 Who, faithful to his king, old Winter,
 Yields up his power and keys, to none but thee.

Then with his royal master he retreats
 Slowly, reluctantly, to Arctic fields
 And palaces of everlasting ice.
 Then on his track, come thy winged heralds,
 The swift-moving birds ; who carol loud the song
 Of victory, as thou with dewy eyes, and crowned
 With early flowers, appearest from the south."



VOICES OF THE MORNING.

1. Come ye with me to the woods, in Spring,
 When the trees are budding and blossoming.
 For there's pleasure there, in the fresh, cool air,
 Such as is found no other where,—
 That we ill afford to lose.
2. Come ye in May, the bud of the year,
 When the fields in their finest dress appear ;
 To left and right is the landscape bright,
 With so many splendid scenes in sight,
 That we scarce know which to choose.
3. Earth is bespread with a velvet green,
 The waters gleam with a silver sheen,

The maple glows in bright crimson rows,
And downy the hedge of willow grows,
And Nature seems fresh and new.

4. And come at morn, for that is the time
When Beauty is freshest, and in her prime ;
She, queen of May, as morn of the day,
Appeareth before us, glad and gay,
Just come from a bath of dew.
5. In the apple tree the oriole swings,
And with the robins he fifes and sings,
While whistling near, pure, distinct, and clear,
We the yellow-throated vireo hear,
And charmed the ear by the sound.
6. The cat-bird hesitating calls,
And the bobolink at intervals
Flutters along, brimfull of song,
That mellow, tinkling, rich, clear, and strong,
He scatters in air around.
7. The meadow-lark by the nest by the marsh,
Joins with the red-wing, strong and harsh,
Then sweetly gush, from a neighboring bush,
The notes of the song-sparrow, with a rush,
And then others join the choir.

8. And in the edge of the woods are heard
The chewink and the indigo bird ;
But in the choruses these are led
By the tanager flitting overhead,
As red as a coal of fire.
9. Hark ! the notes of the woodthrush, mournful, "clear,
Bell-like and silvery, ringing near ;
While the swallows fly, toward the sky,
And the brown thrush carols from tree-tops high,
Till the wood o'erflows with song.
10. From the forest depths the warblers raise
An answering chorus of melting lays
That sink and swell, with a dreamy spell,
Scarce ruffling the quietness of the dell,
As it floats in the air along.
11. The grosbeak too, with the crimson breast,
Joins hurriedly, at last, with the rest.
The warbling vireo, short but sweet,
And the pewees, make the song complete,
With others more faintly heard.
12. Then come at morn, when the forest rings,
And pleasure flows from a thousand springs ;
So fall the strain, on our care and pain
And drought of soul, as the joy of rain,
To make us gay as a bird.

NOON.

Lo! in the dazzling glory of the noon,
Phæbus reclining on his cloudy couch,
Of whitest, softest down, and drapery
Snowy. Now drops his curtain. Seeming
At a siesta, he, in th' long day's race.
But soon, effulgent breaks he forth again,
From his bright chamber, throws the spell aside,
And rides triumphant on his wonted course;
His golden chariot flashing a splendor
Fiery; and the wheels rolling in flame
On the mosaic pavement of the sky;
In azure laid, purple, and gray, and white,
Which on his track borrows a glory greater
Than the pure lustre of the finest gold.
Without a rival, thou, in th' broad domain
Of Day. Which daily thou watchest, thine own.

A SUMMER MORNING.

1. Oh, come and view the morning,
For the summer sun is warning
All men to rise from sleep.
God carefully watched o'er us,
And brought the morn before us,
And all in life doth keep.
2. The light of day is breaking,
And many creatures waking
From rest upon the sod.
All Nature shows its beauty,
And we should do our duty
In praising Nature's God.
3. The clouds with silver lining,
Where the sun reveals his shining,
Their walls of beauty raise.
While joyous birds are singing,
And all creation ringing
With its Creator's praise.

THE EVENING STAR.

1. Beautiful Hesperus ! bright evening star !
Lovely thou gleamest o'er mountains, afar,
Tinted with glory from yon setting sun ;
Thee hath he left queen of twilight, alone.
2. Star of the beautiful ! broad is thy sway !
When thou appearest, beginneth love's day.
Veiled by the sunlight, yet shining above,
Star of the beautiful ! daystar of love !
3. Modesty veileth her face in the glare ;
Purely thou beam'st on the noble and fair ;
Mildly thou lookest on lover and loved ;
Love's self shall light them when thou hast removed.
4. Brightest art thou, of the stars of the night ;
Clearest and steadiest, sweetest thy light.
Love our most constant and luminous star,
Brightly it gleams o'er life's mountains, afar.

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

1. Oft, with delight, do I survey
The fields, with blossoms glowing ;
And see the barren place grow bright
With flowers of Nature's sowing ;
While in the cultivated grounds,
Luxuriant plants are growing.
2. Oft, with delight, do I behold
The sweet and blooming clover,
And watch the swallows gaily dip,
And skim the waters over ;
And chase, on swift and graceful wing,
The flies that o'er them hover.
3. And oft with joy, alone I walk,
And as I walk I ponder,
And at each step with Nature talk,
And while I talk, I wonder
At beauties spread upon the earth,
Around, above, and under.
4. And thus my leisure time I pass,
With Nature for my teacher ;
And on her broad and kindly face

I mark each beauteous feature,
 And note with what becoming grace,
 She nourishes each creature.

5. And thus I many lessons learn
 Which others pass unheeding ;
 With look so gloomy, grave, and stern,
 To learn their lore from reading ;
 And think by studies hard, to earn
 A right to Nature's leading.

6. And thus they darkly follow on,
 While, joy to joy succeeding,
 I march till Nature's field is won,
 While they her paths are weeding ;
 And on her fruits I daily thrive,
 While they on husks are feeding.

7. In distant lands some others seek
 Pleasures I find at home :
 And some, to climb a mountain peak,
 Across the ocean roam,
 Or chase the joys, with railway speed,
 Which to me freely come.

8. Nature is beauteous everywhere.
 If here I seek, I find

A gem of beauty, bright and rare,
 As fitting to my mind,
 As if to find one, not more fair,
 Half th' world were left behind.

9. And seeking daily, to be wise,
 My footsteps turn abroad,
 Looking through Nature thus, I rise
 Up through her flowery road,
 To find it endeth in the skies,
 And leads me to her God.



SUNSET.

The western windows of the sky
 Are hung with crimson curtains round ;
 The upper clouds in mountains lie,
 With tinted pearl and silver crowned.

The glorious monarch of the day
 Sinks, in his car of gold, to rest,
 Beyond the mountains far away,
 Touching with glory every crest.

Flooded with radiance, all their line,
Clear-marked against the distant sky,
Where the more gorgeous hues combine
In tints like dolphins' when they die.

In purple peaks encapped with snow,
The piles of glory lie along ;
And like a flame's reflected glow,
Light from their sides and base is flung.

Forth from the north a silver stream
Into a lake of azure pours ;
And flecks of gold and copper gleam
From slopes that teem with glittering ores.

The sun has gone, but ere all fades,
His light streams up in silver bars :
Leaving the gazer, mid the shades,
The sky besprinkled o'er with stars.

VOICE OF NATURE.

Who saith, "there is no living God,"
Is deaf to Nature's voice.
Life is to him a groveller's road,
Who heareth but a noise
When all the forces of the earth,
The air, the fire, the deep,
Strike on the harp of countless strings,
With far-resounding sweep :
Or when their light, repeated touch,
Is gradual and slow,
Hears not a murmur in his soul
Of music, soft and low.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LIFE.

ASPIRATIONS AND HOPES.

Rise, my soul ! to the plateau—
The high table-land of greatness.
There is room for thee, for lo !
Half the world lament their lateness.

Oh, if I were young again,
I a different path would travel ;
And the young, “ When we are men
We a mighty swath will level.”

Ere *thou* shalt be young again,
Earth shall lay thee in her bosom.
Many bud, ye sons of men ;
Few expand to perfect blossom.

As one rises, nine may fall,
Of any rank throughout a nation.
Sunk, but one may, of them all,
Rise or gain his former station.

Shall I be discouraged, then ?

Though so few succeed in gaining,
I may be one of the ten,
Greatness' highest point attaining.

Without *hope*, none e'er can rise,
'Tis the spring of all exertion,
Fastened sure, above the skies,
If it suffer no perversion.

What is greatness ? canst thou tell ?
Thou shalt know, if thou shouldst gain it,
'Tis the art of doing well :
Hope and do, thou mayst attain it.

AN UPWARD WAY.

Usefully employ
All thy time ;
So shalt thou enjoy
All thy prime ;
So shalt thou attain
Heights sublime.

Rising every day,
 Ever higher :
 Upward all thy way,
 Still aspire ;
 Thee let nothing stay,
 Never tire.



THE TIME IS SHORT.

I have no hour of life to waste,
 And none to throw away.
 The whole is but a little taste ;
 As light of winter day.

The evening cometh, ah ! how soon ;
 And it seems scarcely come
 Ere the night falls, and I am gone.
 Gone to my long, long home.



VALUE AND PROPER USE OF TIME.

1. Children, time is precious,
 Number well your days.
 Follow Virtue's pathway—
 Walk in Wisdom's ways.

2. Youth, curb ye your passions ;
Give your reason sway
Under God, to guide you
In the wisest way.
3. Ho ! ye middle-aged,
Time is passing on ;
What you do—do quickly :
Life will soon be gone.
4. All ye who are aged,
Tottering to the grave ;
Turn unto your Saviour,
Trust his power to save.
5. Time to all is precious ;
But it waits for none ;
Life to each is given ;
But it endeth soon.
6. Let us all improve, then,
Each and every day ;
That the last may find us
In the narrow way.

CONSIDER THE END.

1. The object of life is improvement,
And the object of study, to learn :
To the object before a movement,
Whoever doth wisely, will turn.
2. Our lives we can never live over,
Days gone, are eternally past,
And the work in its moment, will hover
Along all our way, till the last.
3. For each day, as it passes, addeth
A new link to a mighty chain,
That up to heaven's glory leadeth,
Or drags to the realms of pain.
4. Earth's metals,—gross natures, swift sinking
By their weight to destruction, unseen
Till, the cup of our folly there drinking
We wish that we never had been.
5. Then upward ! link spirit with spirit !
Yon chain-end in God's hand made fast ;
Make your life-work worthy of merit,
And learn something worthy to last.

THE MORNING AND THE EVENING OF LIFE.

1. Methinks I hear the heart of youth,
The soul of strength, the tongue of truth
Say, "I will carve a name
Where I a noble rank shall gain,
Where I a lofty point attain,
Upon the mount of fame.
2. "O, that I were but now a man,
I would fulfil my every plan ;
Be great when I am old :
Taste of enduring honor there,
Renown both legible and fair ;
Nor lack for friends or gold."
3. Methinks I hear the aged say,
(While tottering on his shortening way,)
Of youth and manhood's prime ;
"O give me back the days, the years,
The joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Of life's grand summer time.
4. *My* joys were borne before a blast ;
But cares and sorrows as they passed
Furrowed my heart and brow.
All that remains for hope or fear
Is death, which hourly draweth near :
Nor friends nor wealth mine, now.

WORTH OF A MOMENT.

1. Improve the present moment ;
That only, is thine own ;
Each golden opportunity
Weigheth in eternity,
If filled ; though here soon gone.

2. The scales of life, when balanced,
Are balanced by a grain ;
Turned by the smallest lack in weights,
From hell or heaven, back ; our fates
Forever thus remain.



SABBATH THOUGHTS..

1. Another week of toil is spent ;
Another week of life is gone ;
Swiftly into the past it went ;
My life is one week nearer done.

2. Surely my days speed as the clouds ;
But unlike them, return no more.
My nearest future, mystery shrouds,
And from my sight shuts all before.

3. What I may want, or be, or have,
 Let me prepare for, day by day.
 So let me every moment save,
 For I have none to cast away.
4. There is a rest unbroke by toil,
 There is a time that shall not end;
 A life, in pleasure nought can spoil,
 Ever to have, and ever spend.
5. Here is our Sabbath oft profaned,
 By thought, or wish, or act of sin;
 But to that, yet to be obtained,
 No unhallowed thing shall enter in.

HERE AND BEYOND.

1. Earth! full of turmoil, of envy and striving,
 Full of thy creatures, destroying, destroyed.
 Peopled with dead, thou mov'st with the living;
 Small thy enjoyment, and little enjoyed.
2. *Death* is the living, and we are the dying.
 Lo! *he* has buried the kingdoms of yore;
 Still he pursues *us*, till cold we are lying
 With the pale nations that went on before.

3. Here our desires are born to be blighted,
 Here is life's sweetness oft turned into gall ;
 Here are the wrongs, that *wait* to be righted,
 Here there are losses to all, and of all.
4. Here is no rest, and no pleasure abiding ;
 Here is unrest, pain and sorrow, and woe.
 Anguish and grief, all earth's comforts dividing,
 While in the dust is the spirit laid low.
5. Soul ! thou art longing for freedom and quiet
 Nought can disturb, and nought can destroy :
 Straining thy vision, in hope to descry it ;
 Time where thou hast but to be, and enjoy.
6. There is a place in thy future existence
 Where there is nought to afflict or annoy.
 That time is coming, through yet in the distance,
 When to exist is the fulness of joy.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

1. Where art thou ? spirit of my song,
That speakest things unknown before ;
Thy inspiration free and strong,
And shall I feel it never, more ?
2. Sadness broods o'er me with dark wings,
And gloom my sky hath overcast ;
A sombre look have pleasant things ;
For pleasure seemeth wholly past.
3. Were thy bright influence with me now,
Of joy I were not all bereft ;
Thou wert my comforter hadst thou
Remained when other friends had left.
4. Cold grows my heart through the long night ;
'Twas warm when thou wert nestling there.
I long in vain for warmth and light,
And groaning, I almost despair.
5. What is my life ? if I should live ;
Toil and a never-ceasing grief ?
Sorrows are all it hath to give,
For it hath nothing of relief.

6. Bound, as the living to the dead,
My soul tugs faintly at her chains :
Death cometh soon, with stealthy tread,
And looseth her from all her pains.
7. Welcome, O Death ! if thou canst give
A time of rest within the tomb :
Sweeter to die, than dying, live :
Death hath a lighter than life's gloom.
8. But stay ! hope is not wholly dead :
Life hath some brighter things beyond :
My spirit, sunk with weight like lead,
Had almost broken its brittle bond.
9. Silence, my soul ! and murmur not :
Others have griefs as great as thine :
Wrap in thyself the burning thought.
It is a fire that will refine.
11. Return, O spirit of my song !
Sweetly inspire me now, again :
Henceforth may I thy notes prolong.
To lighten griefs of other men.

WORDS.

1. Words, they have power to kill or save!
 Words, they have power to wound or heal!
 To turn our vision from the grave
 To show us how our woe brings weal.
2. How precious are words used aright;
 How worthless if used so to be.
 Time cannot catch them in their flight,
 Use them as for eternity.
3. But let me couple with my words,
 Deeds that burn bright with purest love;
 Words, faith, and deeds; of three-fold cords
 Strongest; few loads it cannot move.



THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

1. All men are brothers, as of Adam's seed;
 All are existent by one common Lord.
 And all should show, by word, and thought, and deed,
 Their love and brotherhood, with one accord.

2. As brothers, they should help each other on,
Through all the varying scenes of mortal life :
Act for each other's good till life is done,
Unmoved by envy, undisturbed by strife.
3. With interests, hopes, thoughts, and desires so broad
As to embrace the whole of human kind,
Acknowledge they one universal God
And serve him with the heart, and might, and mind.
4. This, which is man's whole duty here below,
Accomplished, finished, perfected in love,
Asserts man's brotherhood most sweetly now,
And shall proclaim it in the realms above.



HOW TO LIVE.

1. Toil we in harmony,
Love makes labor light :
Live we in unity,
Nought makes life more bright.
Judge we in justice,
Right with might is strong ;
Resting in contentment,
Life is sweet and long.

LABOR OF LOVE.

1. Love makes the heaviest tasks grow light;
Love maketh sweet our life;
Love makes the darkest hours grow bright;
Love is the end of strife.
2. The time seems short, the burdens small,
When laboring in love;
And happiness pervadeth all,
When this the heart doth move.
3. Sweet Charity with us shall dwell,
If love's our guiding star;
Our hearts with heavenly joy shall swell,
And nought our peace shall mar.
4. Love to our God our duty first;
Then love to fellow-men;
E'en from the holiest to the worst,
Should thrill our hearts again.
5. Love in our bosoms e'er should rest,
Even as a gentle dove;
For nothing else is half so blest
As laboring in love.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

1. As the candle in the dark,
With its bright though tiny spark,
So 'mid earth's surrounding gloom,
Light the bigness of thy room.
2. As the moon with cheerful light,
Clears the darkness of the night:
So do thou, 'mid earthly gloom,
Light the wanderer to his home.
3. Great if thou art, as the sun,
Bid the darkness all, begone!
And whate'er thy light of mind,
Give all to illume mankind

REJOICE.

1. Rejoice! Rejoice! that the spring-time buds have burst
Rejoice! Rejoice! that blossoms changed to fruit:
That the autumn is no longer,
And the winter winds no stronger:
Let every season suit;
In its season be the first.

2. Rejoice ! Rejoice ! in the glorious sunshine's gleam ;
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! under the clouds and rain ;
Murmur of either, never ;
Neither shall last forever ;
And both shall come again,
Though lasting each may seem.
3. Rejoice ! Rejoice ! in the freedom of the air ;
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! though thou art not yet so free ;
Obedience is thy merit.
Thy freedom is of spirit ;
That, free as air shall be,
Beyond earth's weights and care.
4. Rejoice ! Rejoice ! in every good in sight,
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! for that thou canst not see
Rejoice in all thou mayest,
In what thou dost and sayest :
Wherever thou may'st be,
Rejoice in all that's right.

THE INSATIATE MIND.

1. Hadst thou searched through this speck of creation,
From its heights to its depths so profound;
Couldst thou see, know, and make estimation
Of all things upon it and round,
2. (From the lowest depth of the ocean,
To the highest arch of the sky—
It quivers with life and emotion;
We the highest nor lowest desery.)
3. Couldst thou move where thou wouldst, unprevented,
Read the air, earth, and oceans so broad;
Wouldst thou be with thy knowledge contented?
Would thy heart own the greatness of God?



SLEEP.

1. Calmed the tumult day awaketh,
And the hands of toil are still;
Nothing here the quiet breaketh,
But as restless humans will.

2. Now the birds have ceased from singing ;
They have sent their evening praise
Up, above the forest ringing,
To a God who notes their lays.
3. Prostrate are the beasts before him,
They would thank him if they could,
For their rest, but lives adore him,
Speaking plainly, " God is good."
4. Let *us* praise him for the blessing,
Ere we seek our place of rest.
Some there are, who wait unceasing,
But in vain, the welcome guest.
5. Some there are, while we are sleeping ;
Watching out the weary night :
Some their lonely vigils keeping—
Till returns the morning light.
6. Silent are the stars of heaven ;
Yet they seem to sympathize
With our restlessness, and even
Look return to wakeful eyes.

7. Some there are, whose fear or illness
Suffers not a moment's sleep :
Some there are, who in the stillness
Wake to suffer or to weep.
8. Look ye to a higher heaven ;
To a star that never sets.
Unto Him who hope has given,
And our sorrows ne'er forgets.
9. To a love that shines so brightly
That all other stars seem dim.
It will beam upon us nightly,
If we will but look to Him.
10. To the laborer, sleep is precious ;
Gladly looks he to it now :
To the weary, rest delicious
Gently smooths the ruffled brow.
11. But for the last sleep are folded
Many weak and weary hands.
Death the moveless features molded
As they met his great demands.

12. God's all-watching eye is o'er us ;
 In his charge we rest in peace.
Whether he at morn restore us,
 Or forbid our sleep to cease.
13. Here forgotten, care and sadness ;
 And the mourners cease to weep.
He, with comfort—almost gladness,
 “ Giveth his beloved sleep.”

VOICE OF REVELATION.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

1. Scoffers, for ages, in their scorn have said,
That, on earth, since the fathers fell asleep,
All things continue as they were at first :
And as they are, shall evermore remain ;
Where is the promise of the Lord's return ?
2. But he shall come ; their words cannot retard,
Nor can man's acts unmake the plans of Deity.
He, whom the heavens have so long retained,
Shall surely come ; nor will he tarry long
Till he appeareth for the second time.
3. Behold he cometh ! not as at the first ;
With lowly mien, to take a servant's place ;
But as the Lord and master of the earth ;
Not as the helpless infant in a manger,
But as a mighty monarch on his throne.

4. Bow, every knee ! Confess him, every tongue !
Let every man submit unto his reign.
Acknowledge him ! all things that are in life.
He is your maker, and your rightful Lord ;
Omnipotent, and in his goodness infinite.
5. Behold he cometh ! not to plead with men ;
But as their judge, just, inexorable ;
Not to be doomed by Jews or governors ;
But to pronounce the doom of every man
In equity exact, and wronging none.
6. Behold he cometh as the King of kings.
Not as despised, reviled by wicked men :
But as exalted, praised by all the good ;
Not to be scourged, and mocked, and spit upon ;
But to be glorified, adored, and loved.
7. Not to be crucified by cruel enemies ;
But on their self-doomed heads to pour his wrath ;
Not as the poor, unsheltered Nazarene,
But as enriched with all Creation's wealth ;
Builder and owner of the universe.
8. Behold he cometh ! as the Lord of lords.
Around him angels wait to do his will ;
Faithful are they, his mandates to fulfill,
Mighty are they when justice moves their strength ;
And strictest justice is their errand now.

9. Behold he cometh ! as the God of gods ;
 Descending from his throne in highest heaven
 In radiant glory, clothed in flaming fire :
 While waiting Gabriel with his trumpet, stands
 To send the awful voice that wakes the dead.
10. In dread suspense the whole creation waits :
 The moving multitudes of earth look up :
 Bursts from the throng one universal wail ;
 One mighty, awful wail ; “ The judge has come ! ”
 Then they to mountains flee from him to hide.
11. Nearer he comes ! the mountains cannot hide
 From his all-piercing eye, one guilty soul.
 Forth from the dens and rocks, again the cry
 In waves of agony through air is borne ;
 “ Our judge is come ! Rocks, mountains, on us fall,
 And hide us from his face and fearful wrath ! ”
12. Still he approaches, borne upon the clouds :
 Before him even the solid mountains flee.
 The wicked are revealed ; and every eye
 Beholds him ; none can shut him from their sight,
 Although it be to them far worse than death.
13. Hark ! the dread trumpet sounds through earth and sky,
 Reverberating loud from shore to shore.
 The bodies of the righteous dead arise
 Glorious and incorrupt, and wholly pure :
 Changed from the earthy to the heavenly state.

14. And thus they rise as did their glorious Lord ;
His image is imprinted on their forms,
His holiness is found within their hearts ;
An imprint that shall never be effaced ;
A holiness unspotted by a sin.
15. Their souls, regenerate from earth's desires,
Now are united to immortal frames ;
Each fit for each, shall never, never more
Be separated by the power of death,
For death in victory is swallowed up.
16. Victory through Christ ! they shout, as upward caught,
Joyful, to meet him in the upper air ;
With him in glory ever shall remain ;
And as their sovereign he shall ever reign,
Until their enemies are all subdued.

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